Skradziony testament

The Stolen Will

ANGIELSKI Z DETEKTYWEM

Felberg SJA

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CHAPTER 1

CRIME AT THE NOTARY'S OFFICE

"What are you thinking about?" Tom Wills asked the famous detective. "I get the impression that you've just read something really interesting in the newspaper. Is there some intriguing story that we should look into?"

Harry Dickson put down the paper.

"I'm afraid you are wrong, my boy. I have just noticed an obituary, which brought back some memories."

"Have any of your relatives died?" Tom said worried.

"No, not at all . . ."

"But this death has had a great influence on you?"

"That is true. It was a man whom I met by accident and whose life was full of adventures."

Tom Wills picked up the newspaper and looked, intrigued, at the detective.

Dickson knew his assistant very well so after a quiet moment he said:

"He was a slave trader!"

"A slave trader?" Tom repeated rather surprised. "Slave trading is forbidden all around the world."

"He stopped doing it twelve years ago, but don't be so shocked: there are still areas in Africa where slaves are sold in public places. I met this man because I did him a favor and in return he told me the story of his life. Now he is dead . . . But what's this?" the detective asked. "It seems that somebody has come to visit us."

Indeed, somebody rang the doorbell and Tom ran to let the person in.

A tall man came in. His face showed worry and excitement.

"My name is O'Brien, I'm a notary," he introduced himself in a loud voice. "May I see Mr. Dickson immediately, please? It is a matter of great importance."

Soon the mysterious guest was standing in front of the detective.

"This young gentleman has probably told you my name. I've come to you, Mr. Dickson, in connection with a matter that my life and honor depend on. I'm begging you to help me."

Harry Dickson observed the guest for a moment and then said:

"Mr. O'Brien . . . I've heard that name from old Mr. Firmont, the slave trader."

"Firmont!" the man exclaimed. "You said Firmont but I . . ."

" . . . have come to talk about his case," the detective finished with a smile.

The notary looked at Dickson with great admiration.

"That's incredible!" he finally said. "I've been told a lot about your intuition but would you allow me to put it to the test?"

"If it makes you feel better . . ."

The notary hesitated for a moment.

"You said, Mr. Dickson, that you knew Mr. Firmont?"

"Yes, that's true. I met him only once many years ago but I got to know him very well."

"All right, so can you tell me why I have come here?"

Dickson looked at him and said with confidence:

"You have come to see me in order to ask for advice concerning the slave trader's will."

O'Brien opened his eyes wide.

"Oh, my goodness! You are marvellous!"

"I believe that the will was stolen last night. I learned from the newspaper that Mr. Firmont has died. But you are not interested in his person but the document presenting his final will and testament. The fact that you are so nervous must mean that something has gone wrong. I'll tell you more. I would guess that you had appointed someone to take care of the will but he was attacked and robbed."

"Oh my God!" O'Brien exlaimed. "Are you a clairvoyant?"

"No," the detective replied. "The blood on the sleeve of your jacket explained this puzzle to me. It's not your blood, though. It belongs to the person who was attacked."

The notary sat down on a chair truly surprised. "You've guessed everything. Mr. Firmont trusted me with his will and I put it into my safe. Yesterday, in the morning, one of his relatives came to me, informed me of his death and asked me to guard the will more carefully. But . . . are you listening to me?" the notary interrupted his speech when he noticed that the detective was looking somewhere else, not at him.

"I have never listened to anybody else with greater attention," Dickson replied. "Please, continue."

"The relative added that the deceased left a great fortune, mostly in gold and jewellery. Nobody knows, however, where this treasure is hidden. He told me also that the reading of the will should take place today. He warned me once again that I should take great care with the document because there were people, among the heirs, who were ready to do anything to get the treasure."

"Is it true that they will read out the will today?"

"Oh no, not at all!" O'Brien denied. "I also thought that it was strange because nobody else has contacted me to make an appointment for this date."

"I believe you found the document and put it aside in case the reading would take place soon."

"Of course. I didn't remember at first where I had put it, but finally I found it under a pile of other documents in my safe. I

put it on a separate shelf and to increase security I asked one of my assistants to spend the night in my office. In the morning I found him in bed bleeding heavily."

While listening to the notary's story Dickson started putting on his coat.

"We've got to go there immediately. This case is extremely funny!"

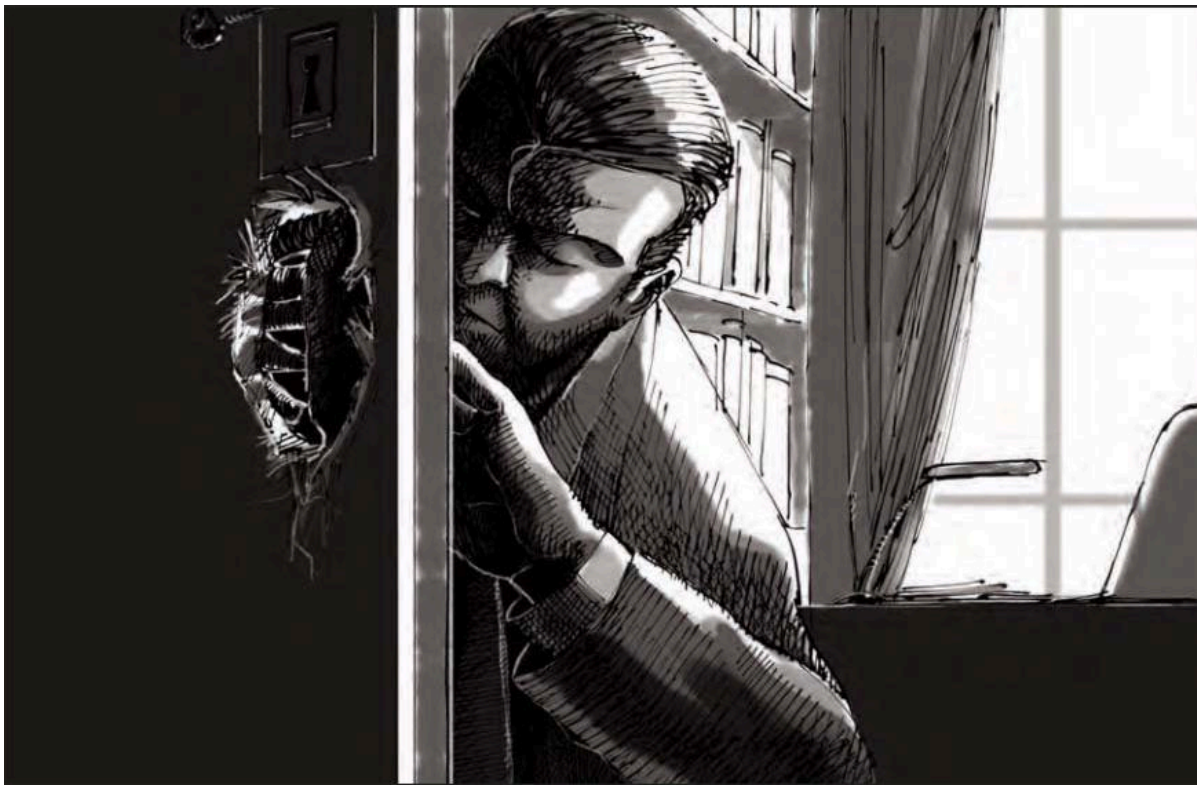
The notary jumped.

"Funny?" he exclaimed. "In my opinion you have used the wrong word, Mr. Dickson!"

The detective smiled.

"Please, don't get me wrong but I can't help laughing. This story brings me much satisfaction but unfortunately I can't share my conclusions with you yet. Let's go, each minute is precious!"

A taxi, which was waiting in front of the house, took them to the notary's office. Harry Dickson ran fast upstairs.



"Show me the room in which your assistant stayed overnight."

"The first room on the right," the notary explained. "Wait a moment, I'll unlock the door."

"That won't be necessary," the detective said. "It's already open."

He went in and carefully took a look around. The burglars had made a hole in the door with a sharp tool. Then one of them had put his hand through the hole and opened the lock. The assistant had been asleep so they hit him over the head with something heavy, took the key, easily opened the safe and stole the will. The detective thought for a moment and asked:

"Has any money or anything precious been stolen?"

"No, absolutely nothing. Anyway, the amount of money in the safe was rather small. The criminals were definitely looking for Mr. Firmont's will."

"I have no doubts about that, either," said the detective. "And where is the young man, your assistant?"

"I ordered someone to take him home and call a doctor."

"Isn't the wound dangerous?"

"I've already told you that Jamesson, that's his name, was all covered in blood."

The detective picked up a piece of wood which had been broken off the door and examined it slowly.

"How long has Jamesson been working for you?"

"For a year. He's a clever and intelligent young man. I guess you are considering whether we should suspect him. Well, I can assure you that he's an honest man. But . . . what are you doing?"

Harry Dickson bent down and was looking at the hole in the door.

The detective picked up a piece of wood which had been broken off the door and examined it slowly.

"I must verify where the missing part of this piece of wood is."

"Will it help you discover who the burglars were?"

"Please, be patient. Can I see the safe now? Has Jamesson always got the key to it?"

"No, I gave it to him last night. I was sure that I put it in the proper hands."

"I'm afraid you acted unreasonably," the detective remarked ironically.

"I'd like to stress once again that Jamesson is a trustworthy person."

"He's one in a million then," said the detective pulling the key out of the safe lock and looking at it thoroughly.

"Tell me, please," he said after a while, "do you have a black man in your office?"

"A black man? Absolutely not! Why would you ask such a strange question?"

"I've asked you about it to confirm my guess. Would you mind taking a look at this key, please? . . . Can you see that thick black curly hair?"

"Indeed, it looks like a black man's hair," the notary replied. "What kind of conclusions do you draw from it?"

"Very simple. The burglar was definitely black. Now, let's hurry to see your assistant. If his wound isn't too painful he will give us some explanations."

A few minutes later they arrived at the assistant's apartment.

"Where is Mr. Jamesson? I'm his boss. I'd like to speak to him immediately."

"Mr. Jamesson," the housekeeper said, "left yesterday for his office and was planning to spend the night there."

"But I sent him back home this morning," the notary said surprised.

"Oh, my God!" the woman exclaimed. "So something bad has probably happened to him! He told me yesterday that somebody had been following him for days."

"He has been murdered, I fear," O'Brien said. "And it was me who . . ."

At that moment the doorbell rang. They heard a male voice in the corridor.

"Does a man called Jamesson live in this house?"

"He did yesterday," the housekeeper answered.

"That is correct. A quarter of an hour ago we found his clothes in the Thames. They're all covered in blood. We found a wallet in the pocket and a card with the name John Jamesson on it."

"Oh, my Lord!" the notary said. "I recognize those clothes."

"Who is that?" the inspector asked, "Harry Dickson?"

"Nice to see you, Wilson. Do you know anything about the burglary which took place in Mr. O'Brien's office last night?"

"Of course, I do. We were informed about it early in the morning but this name was not mentioned. Poor Mr. Jamesson! I guess I've found a clue."

"That's great! Good luck! We can go, Mr. O'Brien. We cannot help with anything here. Even though the police have taken on this case, I'm going to devote my time to solve it as well. I am extremely interested in it."

CHAPTER 2

A POISONED ARROW

"This microphotography camera is incredible!" Dickson said. "It's very useful in my work."

Saying this the detective picked up a photo and held it up to the light.

"Perfect! The blood cells are clearly visible. Big pale circles with a hollow in the middle. It's pigeon's blood."

Tom, who was busy in another room developing photos, came in. He was holding a few more pictures.

"They are all good," he said. "It's amazing how the blood cells of various animals differ! A person who doesn't know the miracles of microphotography doesn't realize how characteristic the blood cells are because they cannot see them."

"Of course," the detective agreed. "It's scientifically proven that the shape of blood cells depends on the species."

"Here you are. This is the photo you asked for."

"Let's take a good look at it. It's a photo of the blood from the notary's office. Are you sure that you haven't made a mistake, Tom?"

"Don't worry. I developed this photo last. Its edges are still wet."

The detective moved closer to the window.

"This blood has been taken from the bed on which the poor assistant spent last night. It's actually the last trace of him. We should compare it with other samples that we have."

"That's impossible!" Tom Wills cried suddenly.

"What's wrong?" the detective asked impatiently.

"This cannot be Mr. Jamesson's blood," Tom said.

"Why? I swear I took it from his bed."

For a moment Tom stared at the detective not knowing what to say but then he smiled and shouted:

"Hurray! I can solve this puzzle."

"Well, then?" the detective asked.

"The whole incident had been very cleverly prepared. This is pig's blood. The assistant only pretended that something had happened to him. He made a wound on his cheek himself and poured pig's blood all over his bed to make it look more serious."

"Wonderful, my boy! I regret that I didn't take you with me yesterday. I noticed that Jamesson had made the hole in the door himself, again pretending that somebody else had broken into the office."

Tom Wills listened carefully.

"So, you are sure that the will was stolen."

"I have no doubt about that. Mr. Firmont's relatives knew very well about his fortune and they had been trying to find it for years. They suspected that the place where the treasure is hidden must be described in the will. That's why they delegated somebody to start working in the notary's office and then they were patiently waiting for Mr. Firmont's death."

Tom Wills was observing his boss in a strange way, as if he knew a lot more about the case.

"I know what you would like to tell me," Dickson said. "You probably think that those relatives helped him die."

"That's exactly what I was thinking!" the young man exclaimed excited.

"My compliments! Let's go to Mr. Firmont's house to find out if our suspicions are correct."

"Wouldn't it be better to start pursuing the relatives before they hide their loot in a safe place?"

Dickson burst out laughing.

"You're right, Tom. Just show me the way . . ."

The assistant hung his head, feeling embarrassed.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dickson. I said that without thinking. I should know that you usually think first about such matters if they are important."

"Do not exaggerate, my boy. I'm not a clairvoyant. I only suspect that the criminals have already found the treasure and

escaped with it from England. That's why we have to continue our investigation here. I can assure you that in Mr. Firmont's house we will find many interesting things."

A few hours later Harry Dickson rang the doorbell of the slave trader's house.

The door opened immediately. They saw a young woman.

"Mr. Firmont is dead!" she said quietly in a foreign accent and tried to close the door. But Harry Dickson stopped her:

"Zaira, don't you recognize me? I was your Master's friend."

The door opened again and big black eyes looked suspiciously at the detective.

"Oh! Mr . . . Mr . . ."

"Harry Dickson," the detective finished, smiling.

The men entered. The woman before them was only about sixteen. Tom Wills noticed that she was mixed race and incredibly beautiful.

"Zaira, don't you recognize me? I was your Master's friend."

"Something has changed here," Harry Dickson remarked looking around.

"That's true," the girl said. "Mr. Firmont's relatives have taken away nearly all the furniture."

"And what are you doing here?"

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"Nobody wanted to take me," she sobbed.

"My poor child!" Dickson patted her head. "How do you survive here all by yourself?"

The girl pointed at the wall where a few hunting trophies and some weapons hung.

"I sold a few things . . . I was so hungry."

"Aren't you afraid to live here alone?"

"Very much . . . I'm afraid of Matata!"

"Who is Matata?"

"Mr. Firmont's old friend."

"Did he visit him often?"

"Several times a year."

"When was he here last?"

"Just before my Master's death."

"Did they have arguments?"

The young girl thought for a while.

"No . . . never! But always after Matata had left, Mr. Firmont was very sad."

"How long have you known Matata?"

"For a very long time. I met him in my home country when I was a little girl."

"Is he black?"

"Yes, he is. He used to talk a lot with Mr. Firmont about Africa. But I wasn't allowed to listen to them. They always ordered me to leave the room."

"How much time passed between Matata's last visit and your Master's death?"

"I don't know exactly . . . Mr. Firmont told me to go out. When I came back, Matata had disappeared and my Master was lying dead on the floor."

Harry Dickson took an arrow from the wall and looked at it carefully.

"This is a Masai warrior's weapon," he explained to Tom. "It was brought here not very long ago because there is no dust on it."

"It's true," Zaira said. "Matata brought it as a gift when he was here last. He used to bring such presents from Africa very often."

"He was a true friend! Can you tell me, my child, in which position your Master's body was when you found it?"

"It was an awful picture," the girl said in a trembling voice. "His head fell down on his chest and his fists were so tightly clenched that the people who carried the body out couldn't open them."

Harry Dickson was listening to the girl with particular attention, looking at the same time at the arrow.

"It seems to me," the detective said after a moment of silence, "that old Mr. Firmont didn't die a natural death. This arrow is covered with poison called 'gambi,' which only a few African tribes know. It has nearly the same effect on somebody who touches it as curare. Matata

used it to kill Mr. Firmont in order to get his fortune."

He hesitated for a moment and then asked, pointing at the first door:

"Is this Mr. Firmont's study?"

"Yes, Mr. Dickson. But it's completely empty. My Master's relatives have searched the whole house. They were looking for the will. They asked me but I know nothing. According to English law I cannot inherit anything because . . . Mr. Firmont didn't marry my mother," the girl finished sobbing again.

"So Mr. Firmont's relatives have accused you of hiding the will?"

"Yes, Mr. Dickson. But it's not true," the girl tried to convince the detective.

"I believe you, my child."

When Dickson had said that, Zaira left the room crying quietly.

"Is she really his daughter?" Tom Wills asked.

"Of course. Firmont told me about it a long time ago."

"So we have to catch those criminals and give back the treasure to the person who should legally own it!" Tom said vigorously.

Harry Dickson was listening to him with a smile on his face.

"Take this evidence to Mr. Wilson. Tell him everything you have heard here and ask him to arrest Matata."

"And what about Zaira?" Tom wanted to know.

"I will take her to my house and ask my housekeeper to look after her. If she stays in this place, she will be in danger."

At that moment the girl came back and handed the detective some letters.

"I don't know exactly what is inside them but I guess they will be safer in your hands. Mr. Firmont ordered me to guard them. I believe there is something written about my future."

"All right, I'll look through them carefully, my child. Now, come with me. I'll take care of you . . . You won't be lonely anymore."

●●●

Mrs. Crown, Dickson's housekeeper, was very happy to look after Zaira.

Harry Dickson, after returning home, sat down in his armchair and started reading the girl's letters.

"There's no suggestion which could lead me to the hidden treasure," he sighed. "But the documents will be very useful when I have to prove that Zaira is Mr. Firmont's daughter and legal heir to his fortune. Anyway, the whole case seems to be hopeless, at least at the moment."

Suddenly, the door opened and Tom Wills came in panting.

"What's happened?" the detective asked putting tobacco into his pipe. "Have you already found Matata?"

The young man sat on a chair and wiped his sweaty forehead with a handkerchief.

"I'm afraid that we have been conducting the investigation in the wrong way so far. We were sure that Jamesson had cooperated with the criminals . . . But his body was found in the Thames fifteen minutes ago."

Harry Dickson twitched and wasn't able to say a word for a while. Different emotions and thoughts which appeared in his head could be seen on his face, too. How to connect this fact with his previous findings? In the end he calmed down.

"Where is the assistant's body?" he asked.

"In the morgue, Mr. Dickson."

"I'll go there immediately. You stay and guard Zaira."

Harry Dickson called a taxi and ordered the driver to take him to the morgue.

"Wilson!" the detective exclaimed when he saw his friend leaving the building. "What are you doing here? What do you think about this story?"

The inspector sighed and said:

"Leave me alone!"

"Don't you think it's interesting?"

"I'll have a problem with it for at least six months. I've got enough work without it. I can't manage everything. Half an hour ago the Prince of Norfolk came to me to complain about some hooligans who had destroyed his wife's tomb in Westminster Cemetery. Two minutes later the Count of Sussex arrived with the same problem. You'd better tell me what I should do. Both gentlemen promised me one thousand pounds each for finding the criminals. Maybe you will help me?"

"I don't work for money," Dickson replied and turned away. "Goodbye!"

"What are you looking for today, Mr. Dickson?" one of the employees of the morgue asked the detective.

"I've come to see Mr. Jamesson's body."

"We have just confirmed his identity. The body has been already moved to the basement."

"I have to see it," said the detective putting a banknote into the man's pocket.

"Follow me, please. It's over here. Do you still need me?"

"No, Warwick. You can go."

"Nobody will disturb you here. When you finish your examination, press this button and I'll come immediately."

Left alone, Harry Dickson started looking carefully at the head and neck of the deceased.

"Bingo!" he whispered. "But there is also a big wound on his cheek. It's probably the one that he made himself to pretend the burglary. Additionally, there's a mark on his head caused by some heavy blunt tool. I guess he was fighting with an opponent. The black man Matata, in my opinion."

Dickson also searched Jamesson's pockets.

"Unfortunately, there's nothing here. These are different clothes. They were put on him on the bank of the Thames to mislead the police . . ."

Suddenly, the detective finished his monologue. His eyes stopped on the man's neck. He noticed two big bruises there.

"What could that be?" he whispered. "He was first hit on the head and then strangled. Strange, very strange!"

The detective continued to examine the man's throat.

"Oh, my goodness!" he cried. "I suspect that somebody tried to strangle him in order to prevent him from swallowing something. His throat is completely damaged."

He opened the mouth of the deceased and looked in with a flashlight.

"I was right," he whispered. "I can see something white inside . . . it looks like paper."

He took a box of tools from his pocket. He chose long tweezers and put them into the man's mouth. Step by step,

being very careful, he pulled out something from his throat.

"Paper!" he shouted excited.

He put it on the desk and turned on a lamp. The paper was covered with blurry letters:

" . . . au . . . kn . . . e . . . th . . . eas . . . is . . . er . . . mb . . . Gia . . .

ry . . . e . . . u . . . er. Firmont."

That's all that Dickson was able to read.

"Not much at all," he thought. "But the words had great value since Jamesson preferred to swallow the paper rather than give it to his partners. It must be a piece of Mr. Firmont's will with some suggestion of where the treasure is hidden."

He put the wet piece of paper into his wallet and rang the bell.

"Please, tell the doctors who do the autopsy to collect any pieces of paper that they find in the man's throat and stomach. And then bring them to me."

The employee promised to do exactly what the detective had asked him.

After returning home, Dickson went directly to his laboratory. He pulled down the blinds and only with a red light on put the paper in the microphotography camera.

He didn't work for very long. After a few minutes he could develop the film. His hands shook with excitement. He took the wet photo to a source of daylight.

"I was right!" he thought. "Now I can see the exact words: 'My daughter knows the place where the treasure is hidden. It is under the tomb sculpted by Giacomo Diabelli. Anybody who will try to steal it will be cursed forever. Firmont.'

Dickson thought for a while.

"Giacomo Diabelli. A famous tomb sculptor. But why does Mr. Firmont say 'the tomb'? As far as I remember he made a lot of them."

Suddenly, a new idea came to his mind.

"Probably at the time when the slave trader was writing his will there was only one tomb created by this sculptor! It's really great that Zaira knows which cemetery it is in. But why do those words 'cemetery' and 'tomb' make me think of Wilson?"

Harry Dickson paced back and forth across his room. Then, all of a sudden, he stopped.

"Last night two marble tombs in Westminster Cemetery were destroyed. I am now sure that both of them were sculpted by Giacomo Diabelli. But why did Jamesson swallow the paper? He wanted to hide it so that his partners didn't get it. He had stolen the will but didn't want to share the loot. He told them that he couldn't find the document but they didn't believe him. They followed him day and night. I guess they caught him at the cemetery and, because he didn't want to reveal the secret, they killed him. This time I can't be wrong. Everything is clear and logical. Tonight the final test will take place. Both criminals, Matata and the man who pretended in the notary's office to be Mr. Firmont's relative, will go to Westminster Cemetery to continue their search. Fortunately, I'll be there first because Zaira will tell me where the treasure is hidden."

Dickson got up from his chair to go to Mrs. Crown's room when the door opened and Tom Wills came in.

"You're right on time!" the detective exclaimed. "I've got good news! I've found Matata's trail. Tonight we are going to catch him."

"That's great!" Tom sounded very happy. "We have to hurry, though, because Inspector Wilson has managed to find them as well."

"Wilson? How is that possible? I talked to him an hour ago and he told me that he knew nothing. Where did you get this information from?"

"He called me half an hour ago. He asked Zaira to . . ."

Tom stopped suddenly. The detective's face looked so horrible that Wills went pale.

"Zaira?" the detective shouted furiously. "Where is she? Why did Wilson call?"

"He asked me," Tom moaned terrified, "to bring Zaira to Scotland Yard because he needed to ask her a few questions connected with Mr. Firmont's death."

"And?" Harry Dickson asked impatiently. "What did you do?"

"I took her to the police station."

"Did you bring her directly to Mr. Wilson?"

"No . . .," Tom moaned again. "A policeman was waiting for us at the front gate. He came to me and said that he had received an order to bring the girl to the inspector. I went together with them. In the corridor the policeman asked me to wait and took Zaira to one of the rooms. He came back after a while and said that the talk would take a long time and that you had just called ordering me to come back home and that Mr. Wilson would bring Zaira back himself. That's why I came here immediately."

Harry Dickson sat heavily on his chair.

"I was so close to the goal. Now, we've been defeated."

"Do you think that Zaira has been kidnapped?"

"Do you have any doubts about it?" the detective shouted angrily.

"How could I know that the policeman was a criminal?"

"You're right! It's my fault. I should never forget about such things. It was clear that they would use any opportunity to kidnap her."

"I can't believe it!" Tom said.

"So check it yourself. Call Wilson. I'm sure he's in his office now."

Tom Wills came back from the other room after a few minutes. Harry Dickson saw his sad face.

"Well, what did he say?"

"Unfortunately, he doesn't know anything. I asked him to question his colleagues. They said that there had been a policeman with a girl but he had already left the building with her."

"What did he look like?"

"He was about 30, with a pleasant face and fair hair . . ."

"And his nose was crooked and very red," Dickson finished.

"Do you know him?"

"Unfortunately not. But the description matches the man who visited the notary to talk about the will. I am one hundred percent sure that it's the same person. Our opponents have a great advantage. They will get the necessary directions from Zaira and . . . that'll be the end. She will have to say goodbye to her father's fortune."

Tom put on his coat.

"Where are you going?" the detective asked surprised.

"To Westminster Cemetery. I've got to catch those criminals."

"If it will make you feel better, go."

"Poor boy," the detective thought. "He feels guilty. If he is lucky, he will be able to remedy his mistake."

CHAPTER 3

THE SEARCH

The night was dark and the weather was rather stormy, unsuitable for any expeditions. Harry Dickson and Tom Wills were hiding in a big family tomb close to the wall in Westminster Cemetery. They were standing behind the bars in the door so they could see clearly everything in front of them.

"Those criminals will have to walk close by us," said the detective. "I believe it's the best place we could find. How many tombs made by Giacomo Diabelli did you count?"

"Those criminals will have to walk close by us," said the detective. "I believe it's

the best place we could find.

"Forty five."

"They will have to work really hard. Unless Zaira has revealed the secret . . ."

It was getting darker.

Suddenly, Tom Wills jumped.

"A light," he whispered. "It's getting closer . . . No, it's moving away . . . They've turned it off!"

"They are looking for the treasure," Dickson whispered. "They haven't found the correct tomb yet. They are using the light to read the names of the sculptors."

Again they saw a beam of light in a distance. This time it stopped in a single place.

"They've found a new tomb by Diabelli," Dickson said.

They heard a sound.

"They've started destroying it. Tom, take the gun and go first directly to the light."

Harry Dickson ran as fast as he could. The distance was getting smaller quite quickly. They were just a few steps away from their goal. They saw two shadows moving in the light.

Suddenly, they both froze because they heard a cry of joy from the mouths of the criminals.

"They've discovered the treasure," the detective said. "Fast, Tom, we've got to catch them!"

But unexpectedly four new people appeared from the bushes.

"Wait, you hooligans!" somebody shouted so loudly that he could wake the dead. "We've found you at last."

They hit the detectives and pulled them to the ground.

"Leave us alone!" Tom cried. "The criminals who you are looking for are escaping."

The four men laughed.

"Don't try to trick us! Give me a flashlight. I'd like to see faces of these criminals . . . Oh, my God! Mr. Dickson! . . ."

"Damn it!" the detective shouted. "Thieves are destroying a tomb in front of your eyes and you jump on us letting the others run away! Follow them! Fast! Maybe you'll manage to catch them."

The policemen didn't wait any longer. They ran in the direction indicated by Dickson.

Tom Wills wanted to follow them, too, but the detective stopped him.

"Those idiots said my name so loudly that I'm sure the criminals have heard it and put the flashlight over there to mislead us."

"Do you think it's a trap?"

"Most probably. Somebody could shoot you there easily."

At the same time, close to the light, they saw a flash and heard a shot. A horrible scream followed.

"That shot was for me. The criminals don't want me to take on Zaira's case."

"One of the policemen has been shot in the arm," Tom said.

"Great! They will not disturb me in the future," said the detective and went closer to the bush from which somebody had been shooting.

There was nobody there, though. The criminals had escaped. The detective approached the tomb and examined it carefully.

"Look, Tom, there was a place for a box over here. I have no doubts about it. The slave trader's treasure was hidden here."

"What are we going to do now?" Tom asked quite depressed. "Are we going to pursue those criminals?"

"No, my boy, we cannot do anything more today. In such darkness it'll be easy to get hurt. We have to come to terms with the fact that we've lost the treasure."

●●●

The next day Harry Dickson and Tom Wills went to Mortlake, a district in London with mostly black residents. They dressed up as musicians and went to one of the most popular bars in the neighborhood. They spent about an hour there and when they were leaving the place the detective asked Tom:

"What have you found out?"

"Everything that we need to know."

"So you know where Matata lives?"

"Yes, sir. His house is in this area on the way to Leicestershire."

"Will we find him there today?"

"I don't know . . . Nobody has seen him for two days. And nobody knows his white friend. He probably lives somewhere else."

"And Zaira?"

"She has not been seen here, either. Matata has hidden her very well."

Harry Dickson shrugged his shoulders.

"God only knows what there is in such a dark soul," he thought.

"Let's go there, it's not very far," Tom suggested.

After walking for about fifteen minutes they saw a house standing apart from the others.

"This must be Matata's hiding place. I wonder if there is . . ."

Tom became nervous.

"I won't come back home without Zaira! I could kill those criminals with my own hands."

"Be patient, Tom. Remember what kind of enemy we are fighting."

The house looked abandoned and ruined. The door and windows were closed up.

"I don't think that there is anybody inside. Matata and his partners have escaped with the treasure."

"But what happened to Zaira?"

"I guess they took her with them."

Harry Dickson looked once again at the house. Nothing . . . silence and darkness.

"I'd like to see inside," Tom said.

"Great, my boy. Maybe we'll find some clue there, something that can lead us to the criminals."

The detective opened the door without any problem. They walked quietly down the hall and climbed the stairs. Dickson pushed the first door open and turned on his flashlight. He saw a room with a few pieces of poor quality furniture in an awful mess. There were a lot of papers, old clothes and other stuff everywhere on the floor.

"They have run away!" Dickson said.

"Zaira has been here!" Tom cried sadly. "This is a comb which I have seen in her hair."

"If only I could guess where they have gone. They had a lot of luck. Just twenty four hours ago they were at the cemetery. So that means they left in the morning. The nearest country is France. It's possible that this is where they went with the treasure."

Their search of the upper floors of the building was also unsuccessful.

"Only the basement is left," Tom said.

"So let's go there. We will have a clear conscience that we haven't forgotten anything."

When they were walking downstairs, they heard a strange noise. They stopped terrified.

"What is that?" Tom whispered.

"It sounds as if somebody is moaning," Dickson replied. "A man who needs our help is here somewhere."

Saying this he raised his flashlight and went in the direction from which the sound was coming.

"Here he is!" Wills shouted pointing to somebody in the corner.

Both detectives ran to him immediately.

"It's the false policeman who took Zaira from me in Scotland Yard!" the young man shouted surprised.

The man was lying on the floor tied with a gag in his mouth. A rope around his neck was tied to a beam of the ceiling. Any careless movement might result in strangling.

Harry Dickson cut the rope and freed the man who had experienced horrible tortures on the cold floor.

He was breathing heavily.

"Water! Hurry, Tom! I've got only some cognac. We have to bring him back to life. He's now the only person who can tell us something about Matata."

Tom reacted quickly. After a moment he was back with a jug of water.

"Help me lift him. I'll try to pour a few drops down his throat . . ."

The man didn't react at all. Harry Dickson started mouth to mouth resuscitation.

"We have to carry him to bed. He will rest and hopefully will come round tomorrow."

They took him upstairs.

"Listen, Tom, you have to go back home now and pack our suitcases. Get some sleep, too. It's necessary. Anyway, we can't do anything before tomorrow morning. This man is unconscious and we won't get anything out of him at the moment."

"And you, sir?"

Harry Dickson pointed to the chair standing next to the bed.

"I will try to get some sleep here. I'm not in any danger. Matata is far away and this sick man cannot move."

Tom Wills left the house hoping to catch the last bus to the city center.

As the detective had thought, the man woke up the next morning. He lifted his head and looked around.

"Mr. Dickson!" he whispered surprised, not believing his eyes.

"How are you feeling?" asked the detective.

"A bit better. Did you save me?"

"I had to pay you back for kidnapping Zaira."

The man's face went pale.

"I couldn't do differently. I was completely under Matata's control."

"Did you find the treasure in Westminster Cemetery the other night?"

The false policeman hesitated for a moment.

"Yes!" he said finally. "To hell with all of this!"

"So Matata has escaped with your share?"

The man became really furious.

"He will pay for that. Do you know me, Mr. Dickson?"

"Of course. You are the famous Jack Brown, better known as the 'Drunkard' since you like to drink a lot."

"That's correct. I know that you are looking for Matata and the girl. Do you want to do business with me?"

"I'm not saying no. But I need to find out first what you would like in return."

"I'll take Matata and I'll leave the girl for you. If you find the treasure, you will give me as much as you think I should get. Do you have any whisky? I'm so thirsty."

Dickson mixed some cognac with water.

"Thank you very much. It will definitely help me. Actually, it's strange . . . When I was hoping that somebody would save me, I didn't ever think it would be you. I'll try to pay you back. What do you need to find out from me?"

"Why didn't Matata kill you?"

"That man is extremely superstitious. He never kills directly. For example, he gave old Mr. Firmont a poisoned arrow with which he hurt himself by accident. He tied me up and left me alone here for an inevitable death."

"And where is he now?"

"In Paris."

"Does he want to sell the jewellery?"

"No . . . not yet. He knows very well that you are following him and that you will warn the police in Paris. So he will wait for a better moment. He's going to hide the treasure in a secret place. Have you ever heard of catacombs in which people were buried hundreds of years ago?"

"Yes, I have. I know that there is an underground labyrinth in Paris. But all the entrances to it have been locked."

Jack Brown smiled ironically.

"That's what the policemen think. But I know that there are two more entrances."

"I must tell you that I don't go to Paris very often and I have no idea

where the thieves hide their stolen goods."

"One entrance is outside the city, somewhere in a field," Brown continued. "It's a well, twenty or thirty meters deep. You can get in if you have a rope which you tie to a wooden rail. But almost no one would dare choose this way . . . It's very risky."

"And the second entrance?"

Jack hesitated.

"All right . . . I've decided to take revenge on Matata so I should be honest with you. The second entrance is in the Bloody Apache Inn, in the basement."

"And what did he do with Zaira?"

Brown bent to reach the detective's ear and said:

"She's a very pretty girl . . . He can get a good price for her in Paris."

"Oh, my goodness! What a monster this Matata is! We must save her. When can you go there, Jack?"

"Me? If I get a big bottle of vodka, I can go right now."

"All right. Get some sleep before my friend comes back with our luggage."

"Perfect, sir."

Jack Brown turned to the wall and fell asleep.

CHAPTER 4

ON THE TRAIL OF CRIMINALS

A good-looking man, dressed in a bathrobe, was pacing back and forth in the living room of his house in Paris.

"Business is very poor these days," he said to himself. "I have a lot of stuff in my house but I cannot sell anything. And the police have been observing me recently . . ."

He stopped when he heard the doorbell.

"Oh, my God! Who could that be? The police already?"

There was no time to think, however, since the guest had already come in.

"I'm Count Mentrosa."

"I'm pleased to meet you, sir. But could you explain what brings you here?"

"Don't you remember that we met once in the Royal Café with the Ambassador of Turkey?"

"Well . . . yes . . . I did some business with that gentleman in the past. But why have you come to visit me?"

"I would like you to find an attractive companion for me."

The man stepped back and looked suspiciously at the guest.

"What are you talking about? Don't you know that I only help young girls develop their drawing or singing talents?"

"And that you send them abroad as slaves?"

The man's face went pale. His hands started shaking.

The Count looked at him with satisfaction.

"Take it easy, old friend. I won't do you any harm. I just need somebody unusual—maybe a black girl? Can you arrange that

for me?"

"Hmm . . .," the man hesitated. "Yesterday somebody offered me a very beautiful dark skinned girl but she was very expensive."

"The price doesn't matter. When can I get her?"

"Tomorrow morning. I'll be waiting for you together with the girl."

"Great. I'm counting on you."

The guest went out into the street. He was sure that the slave trader would be observing him through the window so without hurry he hailed a taxi.

At that moment he noticed a person on the other side of the street. Surprised and frightened he stepped back into the gateway.

"Damn it!" he thought. "Jack was right. This man has been following me and if he saw me, he would realize that I wanted to buy Zaira. I'm lucky I noticed him."

Harry Dickson, who had pretended to be the buyer, walked away along the dark street.

"Has Jack gone out?" he asked Tom Wills after returning to the hotel.

"Yes, sir. Since morning he's been walking around the district where Matata lives."

"I have to admit that his help was extremely valuable. He helped me find that slave trader."

The door opened suddenly, interrupting the detective, and Jack Brown came into the room. He looked worried.

"What's happened?" Harry Dickson asked.

"I'm glad you're here. Something terrible is going to happen if we don't act now. I've found Matata's hiding place. Zaira is with him. I've been following him all day. An hour ago he left his house and went to the slave trader. As he was entering the gate, he saw you."

"So what?" the detective asked impatiently. "Has he recognized me?"

"Of course, Mr. Dickson. Our plan will be a failure. Matata will not bring Zaira to the slave trader. He will be afraid."

"What did he do after seeing me?"

"He walked along the street as if trying to make up his mind and then went back home."

"So you suspect that he's going to hurt the girl?"

"I'm sure he is. She has become a problem for him now."

"But you told me some time ago that he's superstitious and would not kill anybody himself," Tom Wills remarked.

"No, he will not do it . . . He will try to get rid of her in a different way."

"What's the address where this criminal is staying?"

"12 Montebello Street."

"Wait for me here. I'll take care of him."

The detective understood that saving the girl depended on an immediate reaction. But how should he do it?

On the way to Montebello Street he thought over different plans. When he was near number 12, he saw a pair leaving the building: a black man and a girl whose legs were so weak that she couldn't walk.

"That's him!" the detective whispered to himself. "That's Matata and Zaira. But why can't she walk?"

Matata was walking first rather fast and pulling the girl behind him.

"Where are they going?" Harry Dickson asked himself. "To the zoo!" he guessed finally.

It started getting dark. It was also difficult for the detective to find his way through the crowd. Suddenly, he froze. Matata was leading the girl towards the animals. In the corner of the garden there was a polar bear cage. Dickson noticed that the pair had disappeared somewhere in that area.

He became truly worried because he guessed what exactly Matata had prepared for Zaira. He heard the footsteps of somebody running . . .

"Matata is coming back alone!" he thought. "So where is Zaira?"

He reached the area where the polar bears were kept. He nearly cried out with fear. The girl was lying on the ground

right in front of the bears' cage. The animals could grab her at any moment.

Dickson jumped to her, picked her up and carried her away.

"Saved!" he thought. And at the same moment another idea came to his mind. "Matata is certainly waiting for the results of his action. I'll mislead him!"

stone kamień He took a big stone and threw it with great strength at the bear. The animal roared loudly and right after that the detective screamed as in pain.

The girl was lying on the ground right in front of the bears' cage. The animals could grab her at any moment.

He heard footsteps again. It was definitely Matata who was running away, thinking that Zaira had died.

"Poor Zaira! What else will you have to experience in your life?" the detective whispered looking with sympathy at the sleeping girl.

●●●

Somewhere in the suburbs of Paris Harry Dickson was walking alone along the streets.

"Damn it!" he mumbled. "I think I'm lost. I thought it was somewhere around here but I can't see any inn nearby. But what is that?"

Dickson heard the noise of people fighting.

"Help! Help!" somebody shouted.

The detective ran towards a man and a boy in the middle of a fight.

One of them pulled out a knife and wanted to stab the other.

"Let that man go! Now!" Dickson shouted.

"Get the hell out of here!" the attacker replied furiously.

"Help me!" the other person begged. "This mad man is going to kill me!"

The detective punched the attacker in the nose. He fell down as if hit with a thunderbolt.

The rescued boy got up with difficulty.

"Thank you. There were five of them. Without you I would be in the catacombs now."

"Catacombs?" the detective asked very interested. "Where is the entrance to them?"

"Over here. Look! That's a thirty-meter deep well. There is a rail all around it. The attacker tried to push me into it."

"Hmm . . ." Harry Dickson hesitated. "I'd love to see what is inside."

The boy looked at him suspiciously.

"Are you a spy?"

"I'm a painter . . . I've come from England. I like such tourist attractions. They give me inspiration."

"All right, I believe you. But, anyway, you won't be able to see the catacombs. The entrance is closed."

"I've heard that there is another one from an inn somewhere nearby."

"Wow, how did you find that out?" the boy asked, truly surprised.

"One of my friends told me about it some time ago."

"Hmm . . ." the boy thought for a while. "I owe you something. You saved my life. I'll tell you the truth. The second entrance is in the basement of the Bloody Apache Inn but the owner will not let you in. He only allows in people he knows."

"There must be some secret in it."

"Well, have you ever heard of the Thieves of Paris?"

"Yes, it's a very well organized criminal gang."

"Exactly! The owner of the inn is their leader. They keep their loot in those catacombs. I wouldn't suggest going there to anybody."

"Why not?"

"Because you can get lost easily down there. The tunnels are like a labyrinth. Lots of old coffins, skeletons and bones all around make it difficult to find your way. You should abandon the idea. It's completely impossible."

The detective hesitated for a moment. It was indeed quite difficult to put his plan into practice but it was probably the only opportunity he would get.

"I'll give you three hundred francs if you help me get into the catacombs."

"If you really want to . . . Alright," the boy agreed. "In that case you have to pretend to be my friend."

In front of the inn the boy whistled three times. Somebody answered by whistling three times, too.

They went in and the boy announced:

"This man has just saved me from Robert Costand's hands. We must accept him as a member of our gang."

"Great! Wonderful!" different voices said.

In a minute their glasses were filled with alcohol and the celebration began.

Harry Dickson observed the boy who had brought him there. He was talking to a young waitress.

After about an hour, when the majority of thieves were completely drunk, he came to the detective and said:

"Do you still want to go to the catacombs?"

Dickson said yes and they went to the waitress.

"Please, don't go down there," she begged. "There is already one person there, a black man. If you meet him, you will surely die."

"Who is he?" the detective asked.

"He's one of us. He has just arrived from England."

"Oh, it must be Matata. We have been working together."

"I can see that you are one of us," the waitress calmed down. "Please, take these two oranges with you."

The boy led Dickson down a dark corridor to a big wooden door.

"That's the entrance to the catacombs. I wish you luck . . . I have to go back now before anybody notices that we've gone."

The detective was left alone. He opened the heavy door and started walking down some stone steps.

The corridor was quite long and it was very quiet. Finally, he reached a hall. He continued walking but suddenly tumbled over something. He turned on his flashlight and saw a human skull and many bones all over the floor.

Dickson felt fear even though he was a cool-headed person. But then a strange noise, like something rolling on the stone floor, attracted his attention.

"What is that? Has someone pulled down a pile of coffins? Or perhaps the door to the labyrinth has closed?"

The noise stopped. Harry Dickson didn't wait any longer and followed the underground corridors marking the walls with chalk in order to find his way back.

Suddenly, he saw many coffins. He took a different path and after some time got lost. Quite often, in the places where the corridors crossed, he saw his own chalk marks. He was going back, turning and walking in circles.

He felt strange, as if worried or frightened. Finally, he saw a small light.

"Matata," the detective whispered turning off his flashlight. He stopped to catch his breath.

The light stopped moving, too.

Harry Dickson was walking very carefully now. He saw the black man kneeling in front of a coffin, looking with great pleasure at jewellery which he was holding in his hands.

"So he has hidden the treasure here," the detective said to himself.

But before he managed to plan what to do next, Matata closed the coffin, got up, took his lamp and came towards the

detective.

Harry Dickson stepped back and something terrible happened. He pushed a few coffins, piled one on another, which fell down with an awful noise.

The black man put up his lamp and lit the face of the detective.

"Harry Dickson!" he shouted angrily. "So you have pursued me this far? You will be punished for that. You will die in these catacombs!"

The detective shot his gun . . .

But Matata was faster, he dropped to the ground first and turned off his lamp.

Dickson froze, not knowing what to do next. He heard ironic laughter in the distance.

"This criminal cannot do anything to me," he thought. "I'll find my way back without any problem, just following the chalk marks which I have left on the walls. But I also hope that Jack Brown has already woken up and he will try to find me."

Dickson went up to the coffin in which Matata had hidden the treasure and marked it with chalk. He didn't want to turn on his flashlight, so he walked through the corridors in total darkness. And again he found a pile of coffins on his way.

"Now, I have to look for the corridor on the right which will lead me to the exit."

Indeed, there was a path on the right. He turned into it, walked for some time and came to another one.

"I've got to turn on the light and search for my chalk marks. I hope Matata doesn't know that I've come this far."

He switched on the flashlight, pointed at on the wall and examined it thoroughly.

"There was a mark here but somebody has rubbed it off. Matata— for sure. He has changed my marks to mislead me. I won't be able to get out of here by myself," the detective

concluded. "I have to wait for Jack Brown or the boy who let me in."

He started looking for a place where he could rest. He found some wooden boxes, in which the thieves kept their loot.

"Perfect! I'll sleep as if in a real bed," Dickson thought. "I'm lucky. Otherwise, I would have to lie down in a coffin."

CHAPTER 5

THE DRUNKARD'S REVENGE

Matata soon reached the Bloody Apache Inn. He took a look around and saw that everybody was sleeping completely drunk. Only one boy woke up.

"What's happened here?" the black man asked.

"We celebrated accepting a new member to our gang," the boy answered.

"And where is he?"

"He's gone. Probably with the waitress."

"With Jeanette? Did they go to the catacombs?"

"How would I know? Did you see him there?"

"Yes, I did. For the last time."

"But he's one of us!"

The black man burst out laughing.

"Do you know who he really is?"

The boy trembled.

"Is he from the police?"

"Have you ever heard of the most famous detective of England?"

"Damn it! Do you mean Harry Dickson?"

"Yes, that's him."

The boy froze. He could pay with his life for introducing such a person to the gang of thieves.

"Is he still alive?"

"So far, yes. But he won't last long. He will never get out of the labyrinth. I have cleaned off all his chalk marks. He will die of hunger and thirst."

The boy sighed with relief.

"But just in case we have to guard both entrances. So you stay here and I will go home to get a gun and then I will watch the second entrance."

Meanwhile, Tom Wills was getting more and more worried but he couldn't do anything. His boss told him to guard Zaira. She was still asleep. Jack Brown had left. He didn't know what to do . . .

Jack had his own plan. He wanted to observe the house in Montebello Street. He went there and after a few hours he finally saw Matata coming back. He was in his house only for a few minutes and then left again. Jack Brown followed his every step.

"We are going to the Bloody Apache Inn," he said to himself.

But to his surprise, Matata turned onto a different street.

"Oh, yes. He wants to get to the second entrance to the catacombs. He's carrying a gun. I'd better be careful."

The black man sat down next to the rail surrounding the well and fell asleep, tired after the events of the last few days.

When Brown heard Matata snoring, he quietly went closer to him, took out a long rope and tied the man's hands and legs. He checked the knots were tight and laughed sarcastically.

He looked around, realized that there was nobody near them and then shouted as loudly as he could:

"Matata! Harry Dickson is here!"

Matata jumped really scared. He noticed the rope around his arms and legs. And when he saw his old partner, he thought it was a nightmare.

"Brown? How did you get here?" he mumbled.

"My friend Harry Dickson has brought me to Paris. He saved my life when he found me in the basement."

"What do you want from me?" the black man asked.

"I want to pay you back for the tortures you left me in."

"Mercy!" Matata said trying to kneel down.

"Mercy? Did you have mercy on me?"

"I will compensate you for everything that I have done wrong."

"Are you lying to me, just like you lied to Zaira? I must inform you that Dickson has saved her as well. Nothing can help you now."

Matata trembled. He understood that his death was inevitable. He was sitting next to a very deep well. It would be enough for Jack Brown to push him . . .

"I'll do anything you want," he begged.

"All right. Tell me where you have hidden the treasure. You can choose—the jewellery or your life?"

"It's in the catacombs. But you won't be able to find it alone. Let me go with you."

"Stop that! Tell me where it is!"

"No," the black man shouted. "I will reveal the secret and then you will kill me. I'd rather take the secret with me."

Brown didn't hesitate any longer, he pushed him with great strength. Matata fell head-first down the well but the rope was strong and properly tied to the rail so he was suspended by it.

"You have one minute to think. Then I'll cut the rope!"

"I'll tell you everything," the black man said finally. "The treasure is hidden in a coffin in the third corridor on the left."

"Matata! Harry Dickson is here!"

"I know that place. Is that all?" Jack asked in a threatening tone.

"I have nothing more to add, I swear!"

"So, die, poor man!" Brown shouted cutting the rope . . .

●●●

Harry Dickson woke up very cold. He was hungry and thirsty. He took out the oranges that the waitress had given him. He turned on his flashlight and looked at his watch.

"It's eight o'clock. I've slept for seven hours. My situation looks bad but it's not hopeless."

He switched off the light.

"I have to be careful. Matata probably told everybody who I was. It's strange that neither Tom nor Jack have come to

search for me."

Unfortunately nobody was coming. Not even the thieves. There was just silence and darkness.

He listened carefully. No sound. He had eaten the oranges but he was still hungry. In the boxes next to him there was gold, money and jewellery but no food. The time was passing very slowly . . .

"What is that? Light in the corridor?" he said suddenly.

He got up with difficulty and stood close to the wall.

"A man with a light. I will follow him," he decided.

They walked for about three hundred meters. Then the man stopped and lit the coffins.

"It must be Matata! He has come back to get his treasure."

The man bent over one coffin and cried happily:

"I've got it! That's the box!"

Harry Dickson moved a few steps forward.

Suddenly, an explosion was heard. Bones, coffins and dust—everything flew through the air. Dickson smelled carbon dioxide.

"Run! Run away as fast as you can!"

He felt a gust of wind on his face and saw a door.

"An exit! Is it possible?"

Very weak, but happy to be alive, Dickson went out.

"Mr. Dickson!" he heard.

"Tom, my boy!" the detective fell unconscious into the arms of his assistant .

●●●

The next day both detectives decided to go back to the catacombs.

"We'll go through the second entrance in the field. It'll be easier to get inside from there," Dickson said.

"I just don't understand where Jack Brown is?" Tom asked.

"He's probably still standing in front of Matata's house waiting to take revenge on him."

They came to the rail.

"It looks solid," Dickson said.

"Let me go down instead of you," Tom offered.

"No, I know the labyrinth a bit. And I'm really curious about what happened to the black man. I'm afraid he didn't manage to escape."

He jumped inside the well and slowly started going down the rope. He saw the floor covered in bones and pieces of coffins scattered by the explosion.

He also noticed a long dark object on the ground. He came closer and shouted with surprise.

It wasn't Matata. It was Jack Brown with jewellery around his head—a victim of his own greed.

When Dickson turned around, he saw the black man's body, too.

He realized very quickly what had happened here the night before. He didn't hesitate but picked up the box of jewellery and started pulling himself up.

Later, he gave the treasure to Zaira, who from now on could live peacefully.

EXERCISES

Part 1: Vocabulary

Task 1:

Complete the crossword puzzles below using the clues given.

1. something that is prepared to trick you
2. someone who will get money from a will
3. a door or a gate through which you enter a building
4. understanding other people's problems
5. a collection of valuable objects
6. information about somebody's death which is printed in a newspaper
7. a person who is the head of some organization
8. an object which explains why or how something happened
9. a bad dream
10. something in which you keep money
11. something that cannot be avoided
12. stolen money or goods
13. raise something

1. speak very quietly
2. say something more
3. make a number bigger

4. tell somebody to be careful
5. say that something is not true
6. trust that somebody will help you
7. say a bit about something
8. say that somebody is guilty of something
9. take away somebody's child
10. believe that somebody is guilty of something
11. make some food go from your mouth into your stomach
12. succeed in making somebody believe something

1. believing in something that cannot be

1 T
2 H
3 E
4 S
5 T
6 O
7 L
8 E
9 N
10 W
11 I

---

12 L
13 L

1 H
2 A
3 R
4 R
5 Y
6 D
7 I
8 C
9 K
10 S
11 O
12 N

1 T
explained by science
2 O
2. not allowed 3 M
3. ver y surprising 4 W
4. somebody that you can depend on
5. wanting to know as much as you can 5 I
6. wonderful 6 L
7. without hope 7 L
8. having great value 8 S

Task 2:

Using the prefixes un- and im- write words with the opposite meaning and then try to build your own sentences with them.

FORTUNATELY – .....

LOCK – .....

NECESSARY – .....

PATIENT – .....

REASONABLE – .....

POSSIBLE – .....

IMPORTANT – .....

CLEAR – .....

SUITABLE – .....

SUCCESSFUL – .....

Part 2: Grammar

Task 1:

Complete the sentences below with suitable prepositions to create meaningful Phrasal Verbs.

1. Is there some intriguing stor y in the newspaper that we should look …….?

2. The detective picked ……. a piece of wood which had been broken ……. the door.

3. Mr. Firmont's relatives have taken ……. nearly all the furniture.

4. Mrs. Crown was happy to look ……. Zaira.

5. "Wait!" somebody shouted so loudly that he could wake ……. the dead.

6. They dressed ……. as musicians and went to one of the most popular bars in the neighborhood.

7. What have you found …….?

8. He doesn't react. He will rest and hopefully come ……. tomorrow.

9. He will try to get rid ……. her in a different way.

10. "I can see that you are one of us," the waitress calmed …….

Task 2: Put in the missing articles a, an or the.

1. I did him ……. favor and in return he told me ……. stor y of his life.

2. After ……. while he could develop the film.

3. The notary hesitated for ……. moment.

4. Yesterday, in ……. morning, one of his relatives came to me.

5. ……. taxi, which was waiting in front of ……. house, took them to the notar y's office.

6. I can assure you that he is ……. honest man.

7. ……. minute later they arrived at the assistant's apartment.

8. Fifteen minutes ago we found his clothes in ……. Thames.

9. Matata used to visit him several times ……. year.

10. Firmont told me about it ……. long time ago.

Task 3:

Put the verbs in brackets into the correct tense: Present Perfect Simple or Present Perfect Continuous.

1. I ……. (just notice) an obituar y in the newspaper.

2. You ……. (come) to see me in order to ask for advice concerning the slave trader's will.

3. I believe you ……. (find) the document.

4. How long ……. Jamesson ……. …….(work) for you?

5. I ..... (send) him back home today.

6. I suspect that the criminals ..... (already find) the treasure.

7. "Something ..... (change) here," Dickson remarked looking around.

8. Mr. Firmont's relatives ..... (accuse) you of stealing the will.

9. Tell him ever ything you ..... (hear) here.

10. I'm afraid that we ..... (conduct) the investigation in the wrong way so far.

Task 4:

Put the sentences below into Reported Speech.

1. I knew Mr. Firmont.
   You said, Mr. Dickson, that .....
2. Somebody has been following me for days.
   He told me yesterday .....
3. Get out!
   Mr. Firmont told me .....
4. I have received an order to bring the girl to the inspector.
   The policeman said .....
5. The talk will take a long time.
   He said .....
6. Mr. Dickson has just called and asked you to go back home.
   He also said .....
7. He is superstitious and will not kill anybody himself.
   You told me some time ago .....
8. Run as fast as you can!
   Dickson ordered him .....

Solutions

Part 1:

Task 1:

First crossword:

1. trap
2. heir
3. entrance
4. sympathy
5. treasure
6. obituary
7. leader
8. evidence
9. nightmare
10. wallet
11. inevitable
12. loot
13. lift

Second crossword:

1. whisper
2. add
3. increase
4. warn
5. deny
6. depend
7. mention
8. accuse
9. kidnap
10. suspect
11. swallow
12. convince

Third crossword:

1. superstitious
2. forbidden
3. amazing
4. trustworthy
5. curious
6. marvelous
7. hopeless
8. precious

Task 2:

UNFORTUNATELY
UNLOCK
UNNECCESSARY
IMPATIENT
UNREASONABLE
IMPOSSIBLE
UNIMPORTANT
UNCLEAR
UNSUITABLE
UNSUCCESSFUL

Part 2:

Task 1:

1. into 2. up, off 3. away 4. after 5. up 6. up 7. out 8. round 9. of 10. down

Task 2:

1. a, the 2. a 3. a 4. the 5. a, the 6. an 7. a 8. the 9. a 10. a

Task 3:

1. have just noticed
2. have come
3. have found
4. has Jamesson been working
5. have sent
6. have already found
7. has changed
8. have accused
9. have heard
10. have been conducting

Task 4:

1. you had known Mr. Firmont.
2. that somebody had been following him for days.
3. to get out.
4. that he had received an order . . .
5. that the talk would take a long time.
6. that Mr. Dickson had just called and . . .
7. that he was superstitious and would never kill anybody . . .
8. to run as fast as he could.

notary notariusz

impression wrażenie

look into zbadać

notice zauważyć

obituary nekrolog

bring back memories przywoływać wspomnienia

relative krewny

worry martwić się

influence wpływ

by accident przypadkowo

adventure przygoda

pick up podnieść

slave trader handlarz niewolników

forbidden zabroniony

do somebody a favor wyświadczyć komuś przysługę

in return w zamian

indeed rzeczywiście

excitement podniecenie

immediately natychmiast

matter sprawa

mysterious tajemniczy

in connection with w związku z

depend on zależeć od

beg błagać

exclaim wykrzyknąć

case sprawa do rozwiązania

admiration podziw

incredible niesamowite

I've been told powiedziano mi

allow pozwolić

put somebody to a test

wystawić kogoś na próbę

hesitate wahać się

confidence pewność siebie

in order w celu

concerning dotyczący

will testament

Oh, my goodness! O mój Boże!

marvellous cudowny

learn *tu*: dowiedzieć się

something has gone wrong coś poszło źle

I guess wydaje mi się

appoint mianować, wyznaczyć

take care of zaopiekować się

rob okraść

clairvoyant jasnowidz

reply odpowiedzieć

sleeve rękaw

puzzle zagadka

though jednak

belong należeć

truly naprawdę

trust zaufać

guard strzec

interrupt przerwać, przeszkodzić

attention uwaga

add dodać

deceased zmarły

jewellery biżuteria

treasure skarb

hide (hid, hidden) ukryć

warn ostrzegać

take care with uważać na

heir spadkobierca

deny zaprzeczyć

make an appointment umówić się

put aside odłożyć

in case na wypadek jeśli

pile sterta

shelf półka

increase zwiększyć

bleed (bled, bled) krwawić

extremely nadzwyczaj

get somebody wrong źle kogoś zrozumieć

I can't help laughing Nie mogę powstrzymać się od śmiechu

share dzielić się

conclusion wniosek

precious cenny

fast szybko

overnight na noc

unlock otworzyć

take a look around rozejrzeć się

burglar włamywacz

hole dziura

tool narzędzie

steal (stole, stolen) ukraść

anyway w każdym razie

amount ilość

doubt wątpliwość

wound rana

break off odłamać się

examine zbadać

consider rozważać

suspect podejrzewać

assure zapewnić

honest uczciwy

bend down schylić się

verify zweryfikować

missing brakujący

patient cierpliwy

proper właściwy

act *tu*: zachować się

unreasonably nierozsądnie

remark zauważyć

stress podkreślić

trustworthy godny zaufania

one in a million jeden z nielicznych

thoroughly dogłębnie

confirm potwierdzić

curly kręcony

draw *tu*: wyciągać

hurry spieszyć się

painful bolesny

apartment mieszkanie

housekeeper gospodyni

leave for udać się do

follow śledzić

male męski

corridor korytarz

the Thames Tamiza

wallet portfel

recognize rozpoznać

burglary włamanie

take place mieć miejsce

mention wspomnieć

clue wskazówka

Good luck! Powodzenia!

take on *tu*: zająć się

devote poświęcić

solve rozwiązać

as well także

arrow strzała

hold up *tu*: podnieść

blood cells komórki krwi

clearly wyraźnie

visible widoczny

circle koło

hollow zagłębienie, wklęsłość

pigeon gołąb

develop photos wywoływać zdjęcia

amazing zdumiewający

various rozmaity

differ różnić się

miracle cud

realize zdawać sobie sprawę

scientifically proven naukowo dowiedziony

shape kształt

species gatunek

Here you are Proszę

edge krawędź

trace ślad

sample próbka

cry *tu*: krzyknąć

impatiently niecierpliwie

swear przysięgać

stare gapić się

pretend udawać

pour rozlewać

regret żałować

delegate wyznaczyć

in a strange way w dziwny sposób

compliment komplement

suspicion podejrzenie

pursue ścigać

loot łup

burst out laughing wybuchnąć śmiechem

hang your head zwiesić głowę

embarrassed zażenowany

exaggerate przesadzać

escape uciec

investigation śledztwo

suspiciously podejrzliwie

nearly prawie

furniture meble

tear łza

sob łkać

pat poklepać

survive przetrwać

all by yourself zupełnie sama

hunting trophies trofea myśliwskie

weapon broń

argument kłótnia

disappear zniknąć

Masai masajski

warrior wojownik

dust kurz

gift dar

trembling drżący

chest klatka piersiowa

fist pięść

tightly clenched mocno

zaciśnięty

particular szczególny

silence cisza

poison trucizna

tribe plemię

curare kurara (rodzaj trucizny)

point at wskazać coś

search przeszukać

inherit odziedziczyć

accuse of oskarżyć o

convince przekonać

own posiadać

vigorously energicznie

evidence dowód

look after opiekować się

danger niebezpieczeństwo

hand *tu*: wręczyć

lead doprowadzić

sigh westchnąć

prove udowodnić

hopeless beznadziejny

at least przynajmniej

pant dyszeć

pipe fajka

wipe wytrzeć

sweaty spocony

forehead czoło

handkerchief chustka

conduct przeprowadzić

so far jak dotąd

twitch drgnąć

thought myśl

appear pojawić się

previous poprzedni

findings wyniki badań

calm down uspokoić się

morgue kostnica

Leave me alone! Zostaw mnie w spokoju!

tomb pomnik, grobowiec

count hrabia

employee pracownik

identity tożsamość

basement piwnica

disturb przeszkadzać

examination tu: badanie

whisper szeptać

mark znak

caused spowodowany

blunt tępy

opponent przeciwnik

bank tu: brzeg

mislead wprowadzić w błąd

bruise siniak

strangle dusić

throat gardło

prevent from nie dopuścić do

swallow połknąć

flashlight latarka

tweezers pęseta

blurry zamazany

value wartość

since ponieważ

autopsy sekcja zwłok

stomach żołądek

blind roleta

shake (shook, shaken) trząść się

source źródło

exact dokładny

sculpt rzeźbić

curse przekląć

sculptor rzeźbiarz

back and forth w tę i z powrotem

all of a sudden nagle

marble marmurowy

reveal ujawnić

test próba

search poszukiwania

go pale zrobić się bladym

furiously wściekle

moan jęczeć

gate brama

receive an order otrzymać rozkaz

goal cel

defeat pokonać

kidnap porwać

fault wina

opportunity okazja

question *tu*: przepytać

colleague kolega

fair hair jasne włosy

crooked krzywy

match *tu*: pasować

advantage przewaga

guilty winny

remedy *tu*: naprawić

stormy burzliwy

unsuitable nieodpowiedni

bars kraty

close by blisko

count liczyć

unless chyba że

beam *tu*: promień

shadow cień

joy radość

unexpectedly nieoczekiwanie

bush krzak

could wake the dead obudziłby umarłego

trick oszukiwać

Damn it! Cholera!

indicate wskazać

trap pułapka

flash błysk

approach podejść do

depressed załamany

darkness ciemność

come to terms with pogodzić się z

resident mieszkaniec

dress up as przebrać się za

neighborhood sąsiedztwo

find out dowiedzieć się

shrug your shoulders wzruszyć ramionami

soul dusza

apart from *tu*: z dala od

wonder zastanawiać się

enemy wróg

abandoned opuszczony

walk down the hall iść korytarzem

poor quality zła jakość

mess bałagan

stuff rzeczy

comb grzebień

nearest najbliższy

upper floors wyższe piętra

clear conscience czyste sumienie

raise podnieść

tie związać, przywiązać

gag knebel

rope lina

beam *tu*: belka

careless nieostrożny

free uwolnić

breathe oddychać

jug dzbanek

lift podnieść

drop kropla

mouth to mouth resuscitation sztuczne oddychanie metodą usta-usta

come round odzyskać przytomność

far away daleko

catch a bus pojechać autobusem

save ocalić

the other night tamtej nocy

To hell with all! Do diabła z tym wszystkim!

share udział

drunkard pijak

superstitious przesądny

inevitable nieunikniony

bury grzebać

entrance wejście

thief (l.mn. **thieves)** złodziej

field pole

well studnia

rail poręcz

dare ośmielić się

take revenge zemścić się

inn karczma

Apache Apacz

reach dosięgnąć

monster potwór

fall asleep zasnąć

trail trop

bathrobe szlafrok

companion *tu*: towarzyszka

step back dać krok do tyłu

draw *tu*: rysować

abroad za granicę

take it easy spokojnie

do harm wyrządzić krzywdę

unusual niezwykły

doesn't matter nie mieć znaczenia

count on liczyć na

hurry pośpiech

hail a taxi zatrzymać taksówkę

gateway wjazd

admit przyznać

valuable cenny

hiding place kryjówka

failure porażka

make up your mind podjąć decyzję

get rid of pozbyć się

immediate natychmiastowy

find your way through the

crowd utorować sobie drogę

wśród tłumu

freeze (froze, frozen) *tu*: zastygnąć w bezruchu

cage klatka

footsteps kroki

fear strach

grab chwycić

carry away zabrać, odnieść

strength siła

roar ryczeć

as if jak gdyby

sympathy współczucie

suburbs przedmieścia

mumble mamrotać

stab dźgnąć

let go puścić

Get the hell out of here! Zjeżdżaj stąd!

attacker atakujący

punch uderzyć pięścią

thunderbolt piorun

push pchać

spy szpieg

owe być winnym np. pieniądze

owner właściciel

allow in upuścić

get lost zgubić się

coffin trumna

skeleton szkielet

bone kość

find your way poruszać się

w terenie

abandon zrezygnować

in that case w takim razie

whistle gwizdać

announce oświadczyć

majority większość

waitress kelnerka

surely z pewnością

tumble potknąć się

skull czaszka

even though chociaż

cool-headed osoba, która nie traci zimnej krwi

roll toczyć

attract przyciągnąć

chalk kreda

path ścieżka

cross krzyżować się

catch your breath złapać oddech

kneel klęczeć

piled ułożony w stertę

punish ukarać

exit wyjście

rub off zetrzeć

by myself samemu

conclude dojść do wniosku

otherwise w przeciwnym razie

last trwać

thirst pragnienie

sigh with relief wydać westchnienie ulgi

meanwhile tymczasem

to his surprise ku swojemu zaskoczeniu

surrounding otaczający

event wydarzenie

snore chrapać

knots węzły

nightmare koszmar

mercy łaska

compensate zrekompensować coś

properly odpowiednio

suspended zawieszony

threaten zagrozić

neither . . . nor ani… ani

forward naprzód

carbon dioxide dwutlenek węgla

gust powiew

unconscious nieprzytomny

curious ciekawy

scattered rozrzucony

victim ofiara

greed chciwość

peacefully spokojnie